

RELIGIOUS ACTION.

BAZOOKY, St. March 28.

DEAR BROTHER:

Please to give the following resolutions, passed at the last quarterly Session of the Connecticut Christian Conference, a place in the Liberator.

Yours, GEORGE W. KILTON.

Presented by George W. Kilton, and seconded by Elder E. Sharpe.

Whereas, the system of American Slavery is not only in direct opposition to the spirit and precepts of the gospel,—presenting an insuperable barrier to its universal spread,—but is productive of cruelty, licentiousness, and degradation to an almost unparalleled extent,—therefore,

Resolved, That it is our duty, as philanthropists and Christians, to use all moral and peaceable means for its entire abolition.

Presented by Elder E. Sharpe, and sustained by George W. Kilton.

Resolved, That the long silence and apathy of Christians in this country, over the cruelties and crime of slavery, is too justly urged by infidels as a reproach upon the principles and character of its profess.

Mr. STANTON delivered an Address on the subject of Slavery, at the Lyceum Hall on Monday evening. His address, which occupied about two hours in the delivery, was listened to with deep interest by a crowded audience. The hall and the streets being completely filled. Mr. Stanton's remarks were principally addressed to Abolitionists, and were well adapted to encourage them to persevere in their efforts to effect public sentiment. He spoke of the great change which had already been effected at the North, in regard to this subject, and highly complimented the Legislature of Massachusetts for the noble stand they had recently taken. He remarks on the right of FREE DISCUSSION of Slavery as well as other subjects, were eloquent and impressive, and will be heartily responded to by all true men who are not prepared to adopt the Anti-Slavery doctrines in their full extent.—*Boston Register.*

RIGHT OF PETITION. A bill for the relief of the Legislature of Mass., in relation to the right of petition, has been hitherto ever tried as freedom, as the harbinger of the triumph of correct principles. The noble vindication of this right and the powers of Congress, contained in the resolutions following, meets every objection. It is a response in the feelings of every virtuous and conscientious freeman in the Northern States. In these resolutions, a voice has gone forth from that spot, hallowed as the cradle of American liberty, warning the Legislature of Massachusetts, not embodying a moral power, which will roll forward with accumulating force, and before which, the haughty arrogance and proud pretensions of the South must either break or bow. From them the South may learn that the North will never give up its blood-bought privileges to sustain a system of fraud and oppression. The moral majesty of the South will not be respected on the basis of the concessions which they demand; concessions, which, if made, would violate the principles of liberty, the dictates of humanity, and the eternal rules of justice.—*New Haven Journal.*

THE VOICE OF OLD MASSACHUSETTS. Most nobly did the old Bay State vindicate the right of petition! The accompanying preamble and resolutions passed the Massachusetts House of Representatives last week by a nearly unanimous vote—475 in the affirmative, and 16 in the negative! They must find a response in the heart of every freeman, whatever his opinion may be up on the question of the principles of freedom, and the test which they evince is worthy of the best days of this ancient and incorruptible state, when tyranny quailed before the spirit of freedom, threw down his fetters at her feet, and granted the loon which she demanded. A very interesting debate took place upon the presentation of these resolutions in the House by the select committee, to which the subject had been referred, on the 19th inst. Mr. Blake, a distinguished and venerable member from Boston, alluded to the menace of Mr. Van Buren in reference to the threatened veto. He observed that, if any King in Christendom on his coronation day, were to issue an Inaugural speech with a similar declaration, he would not be able to keep his throne. He condemned it in the strongest terms, and the subject had been referred to the United States Congress, and as a defiance of the popular will.—*Clarendon Engine.*

KIDNAPING. Noah Rollins has been tried before the Court of Common Pleas at Exeter, N. H., and found guilty of kidnaping and selling a mulatto by named Benjamin Sweet, who was a pauper of the town of Exeter, and was placed with him by the subject had been referred to the United States Congress, and as a defiance of the popular will.—*Clarendon Engine.*

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He sold the boy to Samuel Barnett, who was going to Alabama, and had paid him \$50 for the lad.

ANABLE R. I. W. of Mr. Cutting's Sermon, by our brother St. Clair of West Boylston, seems a considerable portion of our first page, and will be read with interest.—The table of figures, copied from Judge Jay's Inquiry, we have printed inaccurately, and therefore insert it below in a correct form:

N. Carolina,	Free,	134 per ct.	Slave,	252 per ct.
S. Carolina,	"	134	"	310
Alabama,	"	6.8	"	10.1
Georgia,	"	6.8	"	25
Mississippi,	"	104.3	"	141.7
Kentucky,	"	29.9	"	77.7
Tennessee,	"	19.6	"	20
Arkansas,	"	101.1	"	130

LETTERS.

RECEIVED AT THIS OFFICE.

Joseph Hale, Geo. W. Kilton, David Pease, G. H. Derow, Stephen Baker, Elijah Fitch, Thomas Van Rensselaer, James Woods, Robert Smith, J. Whitney, Wm. P. Griffin, H. C. Wright, Luther Bartlett, Samuel Cross, (we have not received Mr. J.'s name before, where is it to be sent?) E. E. Haskel, J. W. Perkins, Joseph Eastman, T. J. Oldenbury, (the latter was received and forwarded to W. M. McKim, Pa. & Co.) David E. Parker, Joseph Allen.

WEEKLY REMITTANCES BY MAIL.

ENDING APRIL 5.

David Pease, \$2; William Torrey, 2; W. W. Butterfield, 2; William Lavelet, 2; Eliza Brown, 2; J. Woods, 2; W. Leonard, 2; W. P. Griffin, for 12 Subscribers, 54.

NOTICE.

The Mid. Co. Anti Slavery Society, will hold its regular quarterly meeting in Townsend, the 10th of Wednesday, April 19, next. Meeting for business in the vestry of Rev. Mr. Shumway's Meeting-house, at 10 o'clock A. M. Public services at 11 A. M. and at 2 P. M. in the Meeting-house. Abolitionists generally, and friends of the cause throughout the County are particularly invited to be present. Local Societies will please send unusually large delegations, as the meeting is to be one of deep and practical interest.

JOS. W. CROSS, Secretary.

Buxford, March 27.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to a vote passed by the Board of Managers, a special meeting of the Bristol County Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Fall River, on the second Wednesday in April. All Anti-Slavery Societies in the county are requested to send delegates; and other friends of the cause are invited to attend.

A meeting of the Society for business will be held at the Town-house, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Public meetings will be held at the stone church, at 2 o'clock, P. M. and at 1-4 past 7, in the evening. Mr. Stanton and others are expected to be present. By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

H. A. NEWHALL.

Secretary of the Fall River A. S. Society.

FALL RIVER, March 28.

THE UNIVERSAL TRAVELLER.

By CHARLES A. GODDICH.

FORMERLY pastor of the first Congregational Church in this town, Ims, we perceive, already reached a second edition. This work is designed to introduce readers to an account of the principal arts, customs, and manners of the principal nations of the globe. The researches of the author have been admirably calculated to qualify him for a work of this kind, and in the execution of it, he appears to have applied himself to his task with the care and assiduity of one who feels conscious that he has a reputation to maintain. The work is so arranged, that information regarding almost every portion of the world, into a compass that makes it accessible to every family, and put it into a form that renders it interesting to every reader. It is neatly bound at \$1. 87 per copy, or \$2, with spring truck.—*Worcester Spy.*

LITERARY.

[From the Scottish Magazine.]

SONNETS.

Yes! all are here—this deep pool still is green
With dewy moss—these interlarded trees,
Though somewhat hoarser grown, to the low breeze
Breathe their old music, and o'er all the scene
The cheerful breezes, while into my ears
You mounting back your thoughts of other years
In thrilling tones—I see what I have seen,
And feel—oh moment—all that I have felt!
But, ah! one dear form glances from my dream,
With all its sunny looks of loveliness!
And darkened deeper by the sudden gleam,
I feel once more the blow that hath been felt,
And fly for shelter to Forgetfulness.

EARLY HOME.

Oh! thou dear spot that can't be from my eyes,
Amid the stir of men, like dreams of heaven
To the old-tortured spirit; that was given
Unto my boyish hour to harmonize
My soul with Nature's sweetest accents;
And now with all thy winding slopes and dells,
Green coverlets, sparkling streams and sylvan cells
(Where once came on me with such sweet surprise,
As I have wandered coming o'er some tale
Of olden days; that still pour't forth
New freshness to my heart in thoughts of thee,
And kindled up my cheek and brow all pale
With dreamy truth, while my boyish mirth—
My youth's bright dreams, come glowing back to me.

EARLY HOME REVISITED.

Here seated by the casement, intertwined
With graceful woodland and the sweet-briar rose,
While the warm sunshine, stealing round
With glancing shadows, freckled, and the wind
Rattles in leaves 'mid the leaves, my mind
Is stirred with thrillings of long past delight,
And glows amid the fields and waters bright,
Sweet glimpses of youth when I was confined
In noisome crowds, and tortured 'mid the tear
And turmoil of coarse warring, I would dance
O'er the green meadows, happy as a child;
Or nestled deep within some lone leafy lair,
Gaze out on Nature's sunny countenance,
And commune with my spirit undivided.

BEAUTY.

Oh! tell me not of cheeks, that wear
The rosy freshness of the morn—
Of Hebe lips and flowing hair;
True love is not of such things born.
They have their value but to me,
As flowers, if nothing more I see.

I could as soon bow soul and knees
To some bright shaft of Titan's dart,
Or statue of Pallas, as to see
As beauty without mind or heart;
For why! because it seems to me,
Like cadet without jewelry.

I care not of the color be,
Of beauty's eye—if jet or blue,
So every glance speak sympathy
With what is kind, and good and true.
Eyes have their value but to me,
As in their light a soul I see.

I heed not if the cheeks be pale
As monumental marble, so
A modest blush does there prevail,
When by occasions hide it glow;
Cheeks have their value but to me,
As types of inward purity.

Yet neither lips, nor cheeks, nor eyes,
Though all that I have now portrayed,
Could shake my peace or wake my sigh,
Unless they live for me displayed;
Their chief beauty must must be,
To breathe of love, and love for me.

But if I see in Beauty's eye,
Affection's gleam when lips appear,
And on her cheeks and lips, I spy
The tokens of a love sincere;
Then eyes, and cheeks, and lips, to me
Do wear their true divinity.

[From the Freeman's Journal.]

THE TITHE VICTIM.

I saw before the judgment seat appear
A sickly, lean, decrepit, poor, old man,
Whose sunken eyes with tears of suffering ran,
Whose tattered'd garments told of misery dread—
And want and woe, endured for many a year;
And as I gazed on him, my heart was sad,
Burning with holy shame, I cried—'And can
This be the Church which Christ came down to rear'
This starving wretch had from his home been torn,
Where, for long months, in illness he had lain;
Life-worn, hopeless, heartless, and forlorn—
The prey of hunger, and disease, and pain!
And had been cast in prison, there to write,
Because he could not pay the parson's cursed tithe!

Such pity did his wretched looks impart;
So worn he seem'd with care, affliction, grief,
His glances forgave him, and all gave relief,
And charity cheer'd up the old man's heart!
'O Christ!' thus cried I, 'can such victims be
Offering, acceptable in thy pure sight,
Whose eyes cannot behold thee, and whose heart
Who in agonization taints thy light?
Oh! never—for thou can't be on earth to preach
Brotherly love, peace, and good will to all!
But these, thy sacrificial high-priests, teach
A different creed, enshrine'd by steel and ball:
Oh, cleanse thy Church,—hurl down into the dust
The poor man's fees, ev'n in their hour of lust!'
Dublin, Nov. 18, 1836. BETA.

CONSUMPTION.

AY, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine
Too brightly to shine long; among Spring
Sleep sleep thee for now, but not for thine—
Shall I sleep sleep thee for now, but not for thine—
The folds of thee have medicinal leaf,
And the vessel ore no mineral of power;
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.
Glide softly to thy rest, then. Death should come
Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,
As light winds wandering through groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree,
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain,
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

LINES

On the recent beauty of Mr. Day of England, of
£100,000, to found an Asylum for the Blind.
Thus Providence with every stroke
Still mingles consolation kind.
The loss of Day, which brought their woe,
Brings an Asylum for the Blind.
What, though they blessed the fatal hour
That gave such scope to their active mind,
His bounty gladdly they forego
To see the face of Day again.

I have seen
A curious child, applying to his ear
The convulsion of a smooth lipp'd shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brighten'd with joy, for, murmuring from within,
Were heard sonorous cadences; whereby,
To his belief, the monitor express'd
Mysterious union with its active sense.
Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and both impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, ebb-during power;
And central peace subduing at the heart
Of endless agitation.—Wordsworth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WIFE AND PEYTON.

A Washington correspondent of the Middlebury Free Press gives the following synopsis of Mr. Wice's harangue on the last evening of the late session of Congress.
Mr. Wice's slang whang of three hours was worse and more revolting than that of Peyton. To report it, would disgrace any decent pen. Fancy the Hall nearly empty. Members snoring, candles burnt down in their sockets, and Wice going on, raving, raving, till his voice would fall to a whisper, and then rise up again with a fresh breeze. No body called to order, but quietly let him go on, in the faint hope that he would either fag out or break a blood vessel. But he is like a lean hound and no tire in him. I will give a memorandum of the topics of this tirade.

Wice—I am speaking to men who are cursing me in their hearts for speaking. (That's true, in fact, bawls a member.) I am speaking to some who are sleeping, and to more who are absent, (wish I was too, says a voice.) But my speech shall be reported and read (doubtless, says a voice) by this whole nation—you want to pass your public bills, but the case of Reuben M. Whitney is more important than all the bills that the House has on its table. This whole House are hanging on (here an expression of contempt was used by a member, that cannot be repeated.) If the Bank of the U. S. was a monster, what a monster R. M. Whitney was, who controlled all the money of the nation!—A bankrupt, fraudulent, perjured, forewarned bankrupt. And now, he follows me! I will not let him go on, but I will give a memorandum of the topics of this tirade.

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LITERARY, MISCELLANEOUS AND MORAL.

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LITERARY, MISCELLANEOUS AND MORAL.

WIFE AND PEYTON.

A Washington correspondent of the Middlebury Free Press gives the following synopsis of Mr. Wice's harangue on the last evening of the late session of Congress.
Mr. Wice's slang whang of three hours was worse and more revolting than that of Peyton. To report it, would disgrace any decent pen. Fancy the Hall nearly empty. Members snoring, candles burnt down in their sockets, and Wice going on, raving, raving, till his voice would fall to a whisper, and then rise up again with a fresh breeze. No body called to order, but quietly let him go on, in the faint hope that he would either fag out or break a blood vessel. But he is like a lean hound and no tire in him. I will give a memorandum of the topics of this tirade.

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